

# THE MUSICAL WORLD,

A MAGAZINE OF  
ESSAYS, CRITICAL AND PRACTICAL,  
AND WEEKLY RECORD OF  
*Musical Science, Literature, and Intelligence.*

"Ἡ μὲν ἁρμονία ἀόρατόν τι καὶ ἀσώματον,  
καὶ πάγκαλόν τι καὶ θεῖόν ἐστιν."

PLAT. *Phædo.* sec. xxvi.

Music is a something viewless and incorporeal,  
an all-gracious and a God-like thing.

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THE time is drawing near when we have been accustomed to look for the opening of that theatre which is somewhat facetiously termed the "English Opera-house;" and we offer to our readers a few remarks suggested by its approach. It is, unfortunately, too notorious, that of all the theatrical speculations of our metropolis, none have proved so uniformly failures as the performance of English operas. People seem to care little or nothing about them; while, from the horsemanship of Astley's to the splendid "revivals" at Covent-garden, every other kind of dramatic entertainment commands a remunerating degree of public support, a semi-desolate house and an insolvent treasury have been the invariable portion of those establishments which professed the patronage of our native composers. Whence is all this? What witchcraft has fallen upon our "national opera," and thus made it a thing of universal scorn? We are about to attempt a solution of this mystery—in its operation blighting to the efforts of our young musicians, and, *apparently* disgraceful to public feeling; and, in the first place, start with avowing an utter contempt for a very common and most dismal spirit of *croaking*, which goes the length of thrusting our dramatic music into its death-bed, and, in despairing expectation of its final extinguishment, bespeaks a grave-stone with "died of decline" for an epitaph! All this is an egregious folly;—a species of drivelling fit only for the old women of the "profession," and evincing a puny-spirited distrust in the powers of others, most inconsequentially wrought by the conviction of incapacity in themselves. No, no!—the case is bad enough in all conscience, but so long as the disease admits of hope—so long as a patient retains the breath of life, let no one play the undertaker and measure him for a coffin which, *Apollo volente*, he may never occupy! It cannot be that our *music* is in

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fault;—not to mention a host of men of great, though unproved, talent, we have Barnett, Loder, and Macfarren, at least, to rescue us from the imputation of sterility in this respect. Any critic of ordinary pretension to musical knowledge could perceive, even through the deplorable martyrdom which has been termed “performing” the works of these men, that their scores were in no respect inferior to an average of the much-bepraised productions of the continent. Why, then, have they not been equally successful? becomes the question. Why do the wealthy and fashionable people of the metropolis persist in spending their thousands per annum on the idiotic frippery of an Italian opera, in preference to acquainting themselves with the rational beauties of a *Farinelli* or a *Rosamond*? We verily believe that, of all earth’s nations, the English are the most un-national in their musical tastes, but this will not wholly account for the infinitely small repute which the dramatic composers of this country enjoy;—there is, there *must* be, something more than prejudice in the matter. Of music, abstractedly, the London public is an incompetent judge. Of a composition, as of a picture, a person illiterate in art can merely declare that this or that point “pleases him;”—he is incapable of appreciation on determinate principles: and in this view, the decision of the mass of our people on musical excellence, is uncertain and worthless. Of *performance*, however—whether because the estimative process is easier, or from what other cause, we know not—public opinion is steady and usually accurate; and, moreover, the whole weight of this opinion is most unflinchingly arrayed against those mummeries which are called “performances” of English operas. Here, then, we think, is the key to the puzzle—here is the public’s justification of its ways and doings—here is the *rationale* of the aforesaid empty houses and treasury to match. The people encourage good performances and discountenance bad ones, and they are right. At Astley’s they find the best horsemanship, at Covent-garden they see plays with every advantage which liberality and skill can confer, but at the theatre, be it which it may, that announces an “English opera,” they meet with a band usually remarkable for its *cheapness* and the quality vulgarly associated therewith, and singers, scarce one of whom, by comparison with the importance of his duty, would be worth his salary as precentor of a Scotch kirk. Do managers who, by thus fulfilling their announcement of “English operas” virtually enact a falsehood, deserve patronage at the hands of the public? Assuredly not:—the end of such speculations always has been, and, we trust, ever will be, signal misfortune.

As usual, some one or other will, doubtless, be found willing to adventure his goods and chattels on an another English opera season this year; and, therefore, for his benefit, whoever he may be, we will briefly point out the source of former failures. In the first place, independent of all particular vilenesses, we may mention a general rawness and imperfection produced by a hurried and slovenly manner of “getting up” operas at our theatres. Not unfrequently three weeks have been deemed sufficient for the copying of parts and complete rehearsal of a work which, in Paris, would occupy twice the number of months in preparation—that singers are not *music*, nor can the best possible performance ever constitute

tion. In London, a composer may be considered fortunate who obtains *three* full rehearsals of his music; one of which must be devoted to the correction of caligraphical errors, and in the other two, he is expected to impart style to his band, style to his principals, style to his chorus, and unity of effect to the whole; and, of course, fails in accomplishing any part of his purpose. Here, then, is an absurdity too gross to need a moment's further discussion. Next as to the *materiel* of our operatic establishments. The office of music-director, as understood in foreign theatres, is unknown with us. We have no equivalent for Habeneck, at the *Academie Royale*, or Costa, at her Majesty's theatre. The name of some one or other, it is true, is paraded in the playbills as musical director; but the person so announced is usually either incompetent or indifferent to the discharge of his duties. Our bands, again, are, questionless, made up of individual talent, which, with fair remuneration and masterly schooling, might be wrought to any desirable point of excellence; but it were obviously vain to expect from any class of musicians artistic feeling, or even punctual attention to the fagging routine of theatrical business, at a rate of payment below the ordinary wages of a journeyman carpenter. The management of our dramatic chorus is open to precisely the same grounds of complaint. It is miserably scant of numbers, deplorably paid, and instructed, not as abroad, by men whose composer-like feeling enables them, at a glance, to comprehend the *intention* of a work, but by those whose capabilities are limited to a little pianoforte-playing, a little light-singing, and just enough tact to prevent the commission of gross error in that part of the business for which they are responsible. We now arrive at a source of defect which, at first sight, appears to bid defiance to all improvement—we mean the lamentable inability of our principal singers. To this general condemnation there are, we know, a few, but *very* few, exceptions; and public opinion has long since correctly indicated them. We are also aware that we touch on a very ungracious subject; but justice to the dramatic composers of England demands that the truth should be spoken of every circumstance opposed to their success. The generality of our singers, then, are destitute of that prime requisite for artistic excellence—a musician's education. They have no sympathy with the composer, whose music they execute; they sing without feeling, or even its imitative style; their solo performances are usually but sustained *traps* for applause from the tasteless portion of their audience; and in concerted music everything like *whole* effect is rendered hopeless by the efforts of each to attract notice at the expense of his neighbour. For evils so ruinous in the most important part of our operatic machinery, a direct remedy may be at present impracticable; but a mitigation, at least, is not equally beyond the limits of probability. We cannot quicken statues—we cannot kindle emotion in mere effigies—we cannot make people *sing*, to whom music, good or bad, is indifferent but as a matter of personal display; but still much may be done in ameliorating their withering influence on the labours of our young composers, and the first step obviously is to fix a standard of authority in all questions that may arise in the business of an operatic theatre. It should never be forgotten

an *opera*. From the highest to the lowest, in every country, and under all circumstances, singers are but tools placed in a composer's hands to develop the conceptions of his genius; the most perfect singing the world ever heard would but fulfil an author's intention—it could not do *more*. Why, then, are composers in this country unceasingly annoyed by the consequential squabbles of such people, which nothing—surely, not *their* talent—can justify? Why is this lady suffered to throw up her part because it is not the very best in the opera? or that gentleman permitted to outrage decency, because he may not exhibit in some trumpery ballad with a certain *encore* tacked to its tail? When absurdities of this kind are unflinchingly disposed of, and not till then, the public may expect enduring operatic performances in an English theatre.

To sum up our remarks, no operatic speculator can or ought to succeed who is not resolute in producing the best music in the best manner. His principals must be taught both the extent of their duties, and the precise value of their services; his band and chorus must be numerically ample, and thoroughly instructed in accuracy and style; his rehearsals must be constant and laborious; and over the whole must be placed a director—not a mere “professor,” but a *bona fide* musician—one deeply conversant with the powers and uses of an orchestra, and whose skill ensures the utmost amount of justice to all works entrusted to him, while his integrity places him above suspicion of favouritism, or prejudice in his dealings with his brother artists. All this may look alarmingly expensive, but we are convinced, nevertheless, of its financial safety; former results, at any rate, prove that any less extensive plan of operation leads only to certain failure.

### ON ENTHUSIASM IN THE ARTS.

BY THE BARONESS DE STAEL.

MANY people are prejudiced against enthusiasm, from a misconception of its real nature. It is not an exclusive passion, the object of which is opinion: enthusiasm is connected with the harmony of the universe; it is the love of the beautiful, it is elevation of mind, and fervour of soul, a feeling which at once combines grandeur and repose. The sense of this term among the Greeks, affords the noblest definition of it; enthusiasm signifies *God in us*. In fact, when the existence of man becomes expansive, it has something in it divine. The selfish make themselves the object of all their efforts, and value nothing in the world but health, riches, and power. They know nothing of that superfluity of soul which it is sweet to consecrate to what is noble and beautiful; they have not that within them which can enable them to taste all the wonders of the heart, and of the thought. There are also those who play the hypocrite with themselves, almost as much as with others, by continually repressing the generous emotions which struggle to revive in their bosoms, regarding them as so many phantoms of a deceased imagination, which the light of heaven should at once chase away. How impoverished is the existence of those who treat as delusion the source of the most beautiful deeds, and the most noble conceptions! Such men imprison themselves in an obstinate mediocrity, which they might easily have expanded, to receive the light of knowledge which everywhere surrounds them; they sentence and condemn themselves to that monotony of ideas, to that deadness of feeling, which suffers the days of existence to pass one after the other, without deriving from them any advantage, without making in them any progress, without treasuring up any matter for future recollection.

Some reasoners there are, who object that enthusiasm produces a distaste for ordinary life; and that as we cannot always remain in the same frame of mind, it is more for our advantage never to indulge in it. Why, then, I would ask, have they accepted the gift of life itself, since they well know that it is not to last for ever? Why have they loved—if indeed such men ever have loved—since death may at any moment tear them from the objects of their affection? Can there be any more wretched economy than that of the faculties of the soul? They were given us to be improved and expanded, to be carried as near as possible to perfection, even to be prodigally lavished for a high and noble end.

The more we numb our feelings, and render ourselves insensible, the nearer (it will be said) we approach to a state of material existence, and the more we diminish the dominion of pain and sorrow over us. This argument consists, in fact, in recommending us to make an attempt to live with as little of life as possible. But it is very rare that any man can settle peaceably in this confined and desert sphere of being, which leaves him without resource in himself, when he is abandoned by the prosperity of the world. Man has a consciousness of the beautiful as well as of the virtuous, and in the absence of the former he feels a void, as in a deviation from the latter he finds remorse.

It is a common accusation against enthusiasm, that it is transitory: man would be too blessed if he could fix and retain emotions so beautiful; but it is for the very reason that they are so easily dissipated and lost, that we should strive and exert ourselves to preserve them. Poetry and the fine arts are the means of calling forth in man this happiness of illustrious origin, which raises the depressed heart; and which, instead of an unquiet satiety of life, gives an habitual feeling of the divine harmony in which nature and ourselves claim a part. In a word, there is no duty, no pleasure, no sentiment, which does not borrow from enthusiasm I know not what charm, which is still in perfect unison with the simple beauty of truth.

Writers and composers who possess not enthusiasm, know nothing of the career of literature and art, except the criticisms, the reviling, the jealousies which attend upon it, and which must necessarily endanger our peace of mind, if we allow ourselves to be entangled amidst the passions of men. Unjust attacks of this nature may, indeed, sometimes do us injury; but the true, the heartfelt enjoyment which belongs to talent cannot be affected by them. Long before the public appearance of a work, and before its character is yet decided, how many hours of happiness has it not been worth to him who wrote it from his heart, who poured it forth as an act and duty of his homage to the beautiful! The creative talent of imagination satisfies, for a time at least, all his wishes and desires; it opens to him treasures of wealth, it offers to him crowns of glory, it raises before his eyes the pure and bright image of an ideal world.

How can he who is not endowed with an enthusiastic imagination, flatter himself that he is, in any degree, acquainted with the earth upon which he lives, or that he has travelled through any of its various countries? Has he, in the heart of solitude, shed tears of rapture over the wonders of life, love, and glory? Has he, in his transports, enjoyed the air of heaven like a bird, the waters like a thirsty hunter, the flowers like a lover who believes he is breathing the sweets that surround his mistress? Does his heart beat at the echo of the mountains, or has the air of the south lulled his senses in its voluptuous softness? Does he perceive wherein countries differ the one from the other? Does he remark the accent, does he understand the peculiar character of their languages? Does he hear in the popular song, and recognize in the national dance, the manners and genius of a people? Does one single sensation at once fill his mind with a crowd of recollections?

Is nature to be felt without enthusiasm? Can common men address to her the tale of their mean interests and low desires? What have the sea and the stars to answer to the little vanities with which each individual is content to fill up each day? But if the soul be really moved within us, if it be alive to a sense of the beautiful, of glory, and of love, the clouds of heaven will hold converse with it, the torrents will listen to its voice, and the breeze that passes through the grove seems to deign to whisper to us something of those we love.

There are some who, although devoid of enthusiasm, still believe that they

have a taste and relish for the fine arts; and indeed they do love the refinements of luxury, and they wish to acquire a knowledge of music, painting, and poetry, that they may be able to converse upon them with ease, and with taste, and even with that confidence which becomes the man of the world, when the subject turns upon imagination, or upon nature. But what are these barren pleasures when compared with true enthusiasm? What an emotion thrills the soul when we contemplate, in the Niobe, that settled look of calm and terrible despair, which seems to reproach the gods with the jealousy of her maternal happiness! what a kind of consolation, when we turn from this to the beauty and grace of the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medicis! In contemplating the St. Jerome of Domenichino, we are penetrated with a lofty feeling which tramples under foot all the nothingness of this world. In listening to the masterpieces of a Handel, a Haydn, a Mozart, how pure, how exalted is the admiration which they inspire!

Can it be said that there is such an art as that of music for those who cannot feel enthusiasm? Habit may render harmonious sounds, as it were, a necessary gratification to them, and they enjoy them as they do the flavour of fruits, or the beauty of colours; but has their whole being vibrated and trembled responsively like a lyre, if at any time the midnight silence has been suddenly broken by the song of one of those instruments which resemble the human voice? Have they in that moment felt the mystery of their existence, in that softening emotion which re-unites our separate natures, and blends in the same enjoyment the senses of the soul? Have the beatings of the heart followed the cadence of the music? Have they learned under the influence of these emotions so full of charms, to shed those tears which have nothing in them of self, nothing in them of earth; those tears which do not ask for the compassion of others, but which relieve ourselves from the inquietude that arises from the need of something to admire and to love? How great and how sublimed is the pleasure that springs from this sweetest and most ethereal of the arts! The interest it excites is freed from all apprehension and remorse; and the sensibility which it calls forth, has nothing of that painful harshness from which real passions are never exempt.

#### THE HINDOO GIRL'S SONG.

Oh! take this rose, and let it lie  
Close to thy fond, devoted heart:  
There let it live its hour and die,  
And never from the dear rose part;  
For yester-morn, at noontide hour,  
While wand'ring by the Ganges' stream,  
Oppress'd and faint, I sought a bower,  
And fairies sent me this sweet dream:—  
I thought a sylph, with wings of light,  
Bid me select the brightest tree,  
And gather for my soul's delight  
A sun-bright rose, and give it thee.  
Then take this rose, and near thy heart.  
Oh, ever wear of love this token,  
And never from the dear rose part,  
For if 'tis lost, my heart is broken.

#### CHURCH MUSIC.

[We extract the following pithy remarks on the neglect of church-music by church-men, from a review in the "Atlas" of an anthem composed by the Rev. F. W. Briggs.—Ed. M. W.]

We have derived as much pleasure from the perusal of this anthem, as of any composition that has of late fallen under our notice—not because it contains any



great quantity of novelty or erudition, but because it tells us of good musical taste in a quarter in which it cannot but be incalculably useful. Of all men, professionally unbeholden to it, none are so imperatively required to acquaint themselves with the beauties and powers of music, as ministers of religion. In the earliest times of Christianity, its use was deemed essential to divine worship. Philo says (speaking of the nocturnal assemblies of Christians in his day), "They chanted hymns in honour of God, composed in different measures and modulations, now singing together, and now answering each other by turns." And its effects have been no less distinctly recorded:—St. Augustin declares of the music in the church of Milan, "The voices flowed in at my ears, truth was instilled into my heart, and the affection of piety overflowed in sweet tears of joy;" moreover, other fathers affirm that the music of the Christians attracted the Gentiles to their churches, where many were converted by its influence alone. Following the dictates of reason, and the known influences of human action, ecclesiastical government has ever, from that time to this, warmly cherished the practice of music, both as an important element in the service of the church, and an irresistible inducement to those lacking others, to attend public worship; and at the present day, of all the offshoots of original Christianity, the reformed Church of England, alone, is increasingly careless as to the progress of an art to which her precursors owed no slight measure of their stability. Church-music in this country, whether cathedral or parochial, is fast losing the dignity of an *art*, and for reasons not difficult to assign. Out of the immense revenues originally devoted to the uses of music in our cathedral establishments, three-fifths, notoriously, are now abstracted for widely-different purposes; while, with equal reason and decency, the heads of our parochial churches seek to provide music *befitting* their Sabbath worship at a cost usually not exceeding the income of an itinerant fiddler. "The clergy, in their own persons, some wilfully, some negligently, are opposed to the march of musical science. How many are there who, instead of placing harmony with Luther "next unto theologia," virtually, by a contempt they are at small pains to conceal, degrade it below bell-tolling, pew-opening, and the very scullion-work of the church! How many are there who, like the fanatic, Storr, at the last Norwich festival, eagerly declare of music—the *safest* exalter of the mind, the surest undemonizer of the heart—"it is an accursed thing; come thou out from it!" How many are there who, with less worthy, because less conscientious motives, totally discountenance music in their churches, moved thereto by the most paltry, drivelling, jealousy of the rival attraction of their organist!

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#### REVIEW.

*The Midsummer call. Serenading. Where is our home? Duets for equal voices, composed by John Hullah.*

Although these duets display no originality, they are in much better taste than the generality of Mr. Hullah's publications. The first is plain and simple in character, and its melody vocal and easy of execution, but it calls for no further remark. The second, however, fails in its purpose altogether. The vocal parts are *conversationally* arranged, but so inadroitly constructed that they scarcely fall into anything resembling duet effect from one end to the other. There are, moreover, some pieces of vulgarity in the symphony which go far towards annihilating what little of agreeable matter the composition otherwise contains. The third—"Where is our home?"—is by far the most musician-like of the set. There is much of quiet good feeling about the first movement, and the temporary modulation into B flat towards the close of the second page possesses a very agreeable flavour of freshness. The following *allegretto* is spirited, and the whole will prove effective in performance.

*Go! forget me. Ballad, composed by Charles H. Purday.*

This is a song of moderate ability, made up of diminutive phrases in sequence which, however, grow wearisome in their similarity. There is a manifest clum-

siness about the preparation for departure into the scale of B flat on the first page, which might have been easily avoided.

*Wessel and Co.'s Auswahl deutscher gesänge. The spring's mild breezes softly play, song, composed by F. Kücken, of Berlin. Is there a vale? duettino for soprano and tenor, composed by Louis Spohr.*

We see nothing in the first of these compositions more than could be achieved by any musician of ordinary taste. It is pleasant music, doubtless; but there is a lack-a-daisical contour about the melody, and a round-about employment of one course of thought which greatly blemishes it.

Spohr's *duettino* is a delicious morsel—overflowing with his voluptuous forms of melody and exquisite treatment of accompaniment. As usual, about mid-way, he travels into a wilderness of flats which will, perhaps, rather disconcert amateur sight-singing, but the beauty of the music will amply reward whatever trouble may attend its performance.

*Hortense. Romance avec accompagnement de piano-forte ou harpe, par Pio Cianchettini.*

This is a very sweet little song—extremely expressive, without affectation or effort of any kind.

## MUSICAL INTELLIGENCE.

### FOREIGN.

PARIS.—The Marquis de Las Marismas (M. Aguado), the Spanish capitalist, who was at the head of the Italian company, has presented to Grisi, Albertazzi, Persiani, Amigo, Rubini, Lablache, Tamburini, and the secondary artists, most costly presents as tokens of his esteem. The directorship next season is in the hands of M. Marliani and M. C. Dormoy, but it is uncertain yet whether the representations will be given at the Odeon. If possible, the Ventadour, now the Renaissance, will be resorted to. By a curious coincidence, M. Robert, formerly the director, died on the very day of the closing of the Italian Opera. Donizetti's opera of *Les Martyrs*, so long in preparation at the Academie Royale, is expected to be brought out next Wednesday or Friday. The musical season is fast drawing to a close here. Puzzi, who has met with such remarkable success this season, is now with you in London. He gave a farewell *matinee musicale*, which, owing to a pressure of political duties, I omitted to send you an account of. He had all the Italians, who sang their choicest gems, and Puzzi accompanying with his horn, as he alone can accompany, where it is difficult often to tell whether it is the voice or the instrument we hear. In the room at the Hotel des Princes there was an elegant assemblage of rank and fashion. Alexander Batta, the celebrated violoncellist, has given a delightful *soiree* at Erard's. He played in trios of Mayseder and Beethoven, and executed a fantasia on themes from Donizetti's *Lucia*, as also some of Reber's waltzes in the most perfect manner. Batta is all soul, and his instrument sings, and, to borrow a French phrase, even weeps. He leaves Paris shortly for the London season with Artot, the violinist. Mdle. Nau, whose reputation has been rising lately at the Academie Royale, has obtained leave of absence, and will afford the London amateurs the opportunity of appreciating the fairy of the *Lac des Fées*.—*A Correspondent of the Post.*

### METROPOLITAN.

HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.—Bellini's opera of *Norma* was revived at this theatre on Tuesday evening for the *début* of Mdle. Emilia Tosi. Whether from the shyness of a new acquaintance, supposed to be characteristic of an English audience, or from its natural dimness of perception, we know not, but this lady certainly did not create the *furor* here that she is said to have awakened in the theatres of Italy. The part of *Norma* may not be the *ultimatum* of tragic



contrivance, but it has been deemed worthy of their best efforts by Pasta, Grisi, and Schroder Devrient, and thus, on such an occasion as that under notice, becomes a kind of comparative test by which a performance of greater pretension than that of Mdle. Emilia Tosi might be considered unsuccessful. The prevailing defect in the *Norma* of the *debutante* was the absence of grandeur. Of energy and even vehemence of manner there was more than sufficient—her redundancy of action was now and then carried up to the limit of caricature, but the whole lacked depth; it was more the fury of melodrame than the sternness of tragedy. She is graceful and dignified only when calm; but when wrought up to displays of passion, she enacts her emotions with such swaggering of head, such windmill evolutions of arm, and altogether assumes such an Amazonian deportment, that we feel inclined to wonder at *Pollio's* taste in matters amatory, and moreover detect a vast oozing away of our sympathy for a woman who, however cruelly circumstanced, seems so thoroughly capable of self-protection. The poet has, doubtless, drawn a *strong* character, but as there are many inflammable mixtures which do not quite reach the explosive acme of gunpowder, so are there many female characters of hyper-passionate temperament (and *Norma*, among them, we think) who would not be roused to the obstreperous exhibitions of a virago. Mdle. Tosi's singing varied so much between her first and last scenes in the opera that, presuming from this circumstance, her slight want of confidence, we have scarcely formed a decided opinion on its merit. Her voice is extensive and strong but unequally pleasant. The inferior extremity of its compass is forcibly, but scarcely agreeably, produced, after the custom of the modern *soprani*, and its highest portion, from about F on the fifth line, appears to be modelled on the *huskiness* of Pasta. Her execution is passively neat—except a detestable shake, or *shiver*, or rather *whinney*, very much in the manner of the trillified vileness which Grisi, thanks to her good sense, has at length abandoned—her enunciation is clear and impassioned, and her style replete with the fervour of her country. Her purest and best efforts throughout the opera were, at the commencement of the second act, where *Norma* meditates the destruction of her children, and, in the last scene, her proposal to *Pollio* to purchase his life by the desertion of *Adalgisa*. On the whole, although we cannot consider Mdle. Tosi's *début* eminently successful, she may be said to have earned whatever amount of applause she received, and a second hearing may perhaps do much to eradicate the disagreeable impressions which she occasionally created. Lablache appeared for the first time this season as the Arch-druid, *Oroveso*. His glorious performance of this rather unimportant character is so generally appreciated that we need not say a word more than that, in all respects, it was the *Oroveso* which has so often delighted us in past seasons. The other characters, *Adalgisa* and *Pollio*, were very respectably filled by Mdle. Ernesta Grisi, and Signor Ricciardi.

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The third concert of this Society took place on Monday, and consisted of the following selection:—

## PART I.

Historical Symphony, MS.....	Spohr.
Recit. ed Aria (Miss Birch)—Non mi dir (Il Don Giovanni).....	Mozart.
Concert-Stuck, pianoforte (Mr. Moscheles).....	C. M. Von Weber.
Cavatina (Sig. Tamburini)—Liete voci (Zaira).....	Mercadante.
Overture—The Isles of Fingal.....	Mendel Bartholdy.

## PART II.

Sinfonia, No. 8.....	Beethoven.
Aria (Miss M. B. Hawes)—Paga fui (Il Ratto di Proserpina).....	Winter.
Concerto, violin (Herr Molique).....	Molique.
Terzetto (Miss Birch, Miss M. B. Hawes, and Sig. Tamburini)—Soave conforto (Zelmira).....	Rossini.
Overture—Zaira.....	Winter.

Spohr's new symphony produced even less effect on Monday evening than on the occasion of its first trial. The fault lies, perhaps, rather with the design than with its execution; the composer's intention excludes unity of plan, and substitutes four unconnected movements in as many distinct styles, which, however clever, are, after all, but imitations; and, therefore, not only of minor interest, but open to the most ungracious species of criticism—that by comparison. The

first movement illustrates the period of Bach and Handel—the heroic age of music. The whole of this is well conceived and superbly instrumented, as usual; but the *imitation* is perhaps more apparent here than in any other part of the work: Spohr has, unavoidably, impregnated it here and there with the luscious peculiarities of his own style, and thus destroyed the semblance of reality. The *larghetto*, after the manner of Haydn and Mozart, is more successful: the composer has not been forced so far out of his usual current of thought, and his writing is proportionably more natural. This movement, considered without reference to its imitative character, is the most beautiful portion of the symphony. Beethoven is aimed at in the *scherzo*, but not happily, we think. Some of his eccentricities of form and instrumentation are accurately hit off; but the whole is tinged with Spohr-ishness, and lacks power and breadth to render the illustration perfect. The intention of the *finale* was evidently overlooked by the audience, who hissed it for what they, probably, deemed its essential unworthiness. Judging from its clamour, its redundancy of leaps from one scale to another, and its looseness of construction, we presume Spohr intended to satirize the present French and Italian school of instrumental writing; and if so, he has succeeded admirably. The audience, however, did not see the joke, and consequently treated that as earnest which the composer could only have meant as a severe, but not unfair, piece of ridicule. On the whole, notwithstanding that this "Historical Symphony" contains a great deal of very fine writing, we heartily wish it had not been performed at this concert. It is, at best, but a series of elaborate caricatures; and, in effect, has a tendency to diminish the reputation for high artistic feeling which Spohr has so deservedly acquired. Mendelssohn's deliciously-imaginative overture did not go well; it was played considerably too slow, and its defective style gave proof of a careless method of interpretation, which too often blemishes the performance of the choicest works at those concerts; in fact, we were disappointed of nearly all those superb effects which the score so abundantly promises. Beethoven's eighth Symphony and the overture to *Zaira* were finely executed. The lion paramount of the evening was the German violinist, M. Molique. In the last number of the "Musical World" we gave a translation of a foreign criticism on this admirable performer, and extravagant as it might seem, he has justified it to the fullest extent: praise must, indeed, be couched in lofty terms which could overrate his wonderful efforts. His playing embraces every beauty of which music and a fiddle are conjointly capable; without trickery or unfair manœuvring of any kind, his execution is perfect to the verge of a miracle; with the sentiment of his music, his style is grand and dignified, or playful, or affectionate, and, under every aspect, faultless; and in true and earnest feeling for his art, he is unrivalled by any existing performer except Louis Spohr. His music is of equivalent character with his playing. Instead of any such uncouth and systemless vagaries as are usually produced on these occasions, we had a legitimate concerto, beautiful alike in its materials, and their treatment; and, though often approaching the *ne plus ultra* of difficulty, always music—and that, two, of a very high order of excellence. His deportment is perfectly unaffected—it is frank, manly, and thoroughly German; and his effortless manner of achieving immense difficulties at once, relieves his hearer of that anxiety which ordinary solo performance so invariably produces. The most vehement applause and a demand for his re-appearance in the orchestra followed the conclusion of his concerto; and, altogether, his *début* may be said to have produced a greater sensation than any Philharmonic occurrence for several years past. Weber's *Concert-stücke* was played by Mr. Moscheles as he plays everything—with an intense consciousness of the composer's feeling, and with as much mechanical efficacy as, for all rational purposes, pianoforte music need ever call into action. The vocal performances may be classed together as respectable; but have no novelty to entitle them to further remark. Mr. T. Cooke led, and Sir G. Smart conducted.

MR. COLLYER'S ANNUAL CONCERT was given at the Hanover-square Rooms on Thursday the 2nd inst. The music was of a light, agreeable character, well suited to the occasion. Mr. Collyer was supported by a number of professional friends, the principal of whom were Miss Cubitt, Mrs. A. Smith, Mrs. A. Croft, and

Miss Edwards, Messrs. Spencer, Gear, Moxley, Fitzwilliam, Atkins, &c. Miss Binfield Williams performed a fantasia on the pianoforte. Mr. Richardson a solo on the flute, and Mr. Blagrove a solo on the violin, which respectively were deservedly applauded. The band, led by Mr. Blagrove, were chiefly from the Promenade Concerts. Mr. Lord officiated as conductor.

**SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY.**—Haydn's *Creation* was performed by this Society on last Friday evening. The choral portion of the work, (so far as the singers were concerned,) went off brilliantly—the accuracy and style of colouring in this performance far exceeding our reminiscences of former trials. Only one important blunder occurred in the whole—we refer to the chorus, "Achieved is the glorious work," *before* the trio;—and with a movement so utterly straightforward in construction, nothing but the direst negligence on the part of the conductor could account for a failure. As usual, the music did not escape the leaden influence of Mr. Surman's decayed notions concerning *time*. Besides all those movements whose terminations and beginnings varied in this particular in about the ratio of 5 to 3—probably with the judgmental intention of reserving the true effect of each as a point of climax—two chorusses—"Awake the harp," and "The Heavens are telling,"—were pertinaciously tied down to that drawling style of execution which is, and ever has been, the greatest of the few reproaches to which the Exeter Hall concerts are open. If the conductor merely diverted himself with gymnastic antics at the Society's expense, there could be no reasonable objection to the proceeding, but that these follies should be perpetrated, not only to the detriment of fine music, but also at the costs and charges of the public, we take to be an essential wrong which ought not to be permitted a further endurance. The *sol*i parts were sustained by Misses Birch and Lucombe, and Messrs. Hobbs and Phillips. Of Miss Birch's singing, whether of recitatives or arias, we cannot use any terms of commendation:—it is cold and feelingless. She does not utter any language of which we recognize a syllable, and her reading abounds with falsifications of the text, apparently to serve no better end than the display of a few glassy-toned notes in her head voice, the like of which, after all, any one can blow out of a flute or clarinet to far greater perfection. It is undeniably true that these practices take wonderfully at Exeter Hall; but we nevertheless warn this young lady, that if she chooses to bow down to the standard of criticism hebdomadally erected in the Strand, she does so at the peril of her reputation with the better informed of the musical public, who will not readily be induced to mistake the simple exhibition of a good voice for finished singing. Miss Lucombe is assuredly not improving;—she sang the music assigned to her very indifferently, and in the trio, "On thee each living soul awaits," perpetrated a mass of error which deserved the severest censure. Mr. Hobbs sang charmingly, as usual, but his voice was rather out of condition. On the *encore* of "In native worth," his distress was apparent in the alteration of several passages in the latter part of the song. Whether it be a species of minor heresy or no, we cannot but very unequivocally avow our dissatisfaction with the singing of Mr. Phillips on this occasion. Like Miss Birch, he appears determined on the production of *tone* at the risk of all other requisites; his delivery is becoming mouthy and inarticulate; he aims at extra-natural power by pushing forth his voice in a succession of *barks*, and his style is further disfigured by the practice of forming his notes by *instalments*—the peculiar and psalm-smiting distinction, as we thought, of the singers in Her Majesty's Chapel Royal. We are more than ever inclined to think a large organ in an orchestra an insufferable nuisance, *except under skilful management*. If the Sacred Harmonic Society would spend a sixth part of the cost of their new organ in procuring musical instruction for their organist, they would not, we are sure, repent them of their liberality. Not a concert passes but he commits some egregious blunder in the manipulation of his instrument; and, among a whole host of awkwardnesses on Friday evening, we noticed two, perfectly transcendent in this respect. In "Awake the harp," at the eleventh and following bar from the conclusion, the vocal phrases are left wholly unaccompanied, and on these points the organist chose to thunder forth the full power of his instrument, pedals included; thus reversing the composer's meaning, and annihilating the brilliant effect produced by the

concentrated positions of the voices; and in the second, "Achieved is the glorious work," at the point of sequence commencing with the thirty-first bar from the end, where, by the indiscreet use of the pedals *two octaves* below the bass-voices, and opposed to the staccato accompaniment of the band, the force and vivacity of the passage were totally destroyed. The *Creation* is announced for repetition to-morrow evening.

ANCIENT CONCERTS.—The third performance took place at the Hanover Square Rooms last night, under the direction of the Duke of Wellington. The following was the selection:—

## PART I.

Te Deum, Quartett and Chorus.....	Jomelli.
Trio (Madame Stockhausen, Hobbs, and Phillips)—Most beautiful appear, and Chorus—The Lord is great (Creation).....	Haydn.
Song, Miss Romer—If guiltless blood.....	Handel.
Chorus—The arm of the Lord (Judah).....	Haydn.
Quartett (Miss Woodyatt, Hawkins, Hobbs, and Tamburini)—Ave-verum Mozart.	
Air (Mr. Phillips)—With joy the impatient husbandman.....	Haydn.
Trio (Miss Woodyatt, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Stretton)—Sound the loud timbrel—and Chorus.....	Avison.
Song (Madame Stockhausen)—On mighty pens.....	Haydn.
Grand Chorus—Glory to God.....	Beethoven.

## PART II.

Overture to Zaira.....	Winter.
Song (Mr. Harrison and Chorus)—Come, if you dare.....	Purcell.
Duet (Madame Stockhausen and Tamburini)—La ci darem.....	Mozart.
Chorus—He gave them hailstones.....	Handel.
Song (Miss Woodyatt)—There the brisk sparkling sweet rose.....	Handel.
Glee (Messrs. Hawkins, Hobbs, Harrison, and Phillips)—With sighs, Aria (Signor Tamburini)—Per questa bella mano.....	Calcott.
Trio and Chorus—Disdainful of danger.....	Mozart.
Terzetto (Miss Romer, Miss Dolby, and Mr. Hobbs)—O dolce.....	Handel.
Recit.—'Tis well—and Grand Chorus—Glory to God (Joshua).....	Cimarosa.
	Handel.

Tamburini made his first appearance this season, and gave Mozart's beautiful aria with great effect. Madame Stockhausen, Miss Romer, and Phillips were severally excellent. The performance throughout was good. Mr. H. R. Bishop, Mus. Bac. conducted. Her Majesty the Queen Dowager was present, attended by Lady Sheffield, Lady A. Somerset, Miss Hudson, Miss Wheatley; and in the royal box were the Duchess of Cambridge, Prince George, the Duke of Wellington, the Archbishop of York, Lord Howe, Lord Burghersh, Baron Knesebeck, Lord Sheffield, Captain Curzon, the Rev. Mr. Wood. About ten o'clock Prince Albert and Prince Ernest came, attended by Lord G. Lennox, Baron Gruben, Col. Bouverie, &c. There were also in the room the Archbishop of Armagh, the Bishop of London, Lord Bandon, the Marchioness of Queensbury, Lady Harriet Clive, the Viscountess Bernard, &c. &c. The Duke of Cambridge came about half-past ten o'clock, having presided at the Drury-lane Fund dinner. The fourth concert will take place on the 29th inst., under the direction of his Royal Highness Prince Albert.

## PROVINCIAL.

[This department of the Musical World is compiled and abridged from the provincial press, and from the letters of our country correspondents. The editors of the M. W. are, therefore, not responsible for any matter of opinion it may contain, beyond what their editorial signature is appended to.]

BELFAST.—*Opening of the New Music Hall.*—We briefly noticed the concert given at the opening of the New Music Hall, here, in our last number, but such an occasion—the opening of a hall dedicated to the purposes of music in a provincial town, merits a larger space in a musical periodical: we have therefore abridged the following account, taken from an Irish paper. The flourishing town of Belfast has set an admirable example to the metropolis; when, indeed, shall we be able to boast of a Music Hall? "This building was formally opened with a public concert on Thursday evening, the 25th ult., and the spirit and liberality with which the arrangements of the committee were made demand the highest praise. Two leaders were engaged, one from Dublin, M. Rudersdorf, the other from Edinburgh, Mr. Murray; Mr. Pigott, the celebrated performer on the violoncello, was also engaged from Dublin, Mr. Hayes and Signor Sapio, as vocalists, from the same city, and Mr. Edmunds from Edinburgh. Seven hundred ladies and gentlemen,

including the Marquis of Donegal and the leading fashionables in the town and neighbourhood were present. Mr. Murray led the first act of the concert, M. Rudersdorff the second, Mr. Dalton presided at the pianoforte, and Mr. May was the conductor. The opening overture (Anacreon) gave us a sample of the metal of the band. It is one of Cherubini's best pieces. This trio, "The magic wave scarf," was beautifully sung. Miss Hayes is a most prepossessing young lady, of nineteen years of age, with a fine organ, which has been assiduously cultivated. Mr. Edmunds appeared to be suffering from hoarseness. He has a fine tenor voice, his falsetto being particularly good. Signor Sapio has a baritone of great flexibility, and sings with much ease. Their voices blended well together in the trio; the plaintive lament for the loss of the scarf being exquisitely sung by the lady; it was much applauded. In a large room pianoforte concertos are never effective, and therefore Mr. May's concerto did not go off so well as its merits deserved. He understands his instrument, is a good sound performer, with a finished style of execution. Miss Hayes was very successful in "Qui la voce," which was succeeded by Mr. Pigott's solo on the violoncello. This was a splendid performance; there was brilliance, grace, energy—with "many a bout of linked sweetness long drawn out," and the tone was exquisite. The chromatic and harmonic passages were particularly beautiful. Rapturous applause followed this performance, which was led by M. Rudersdorff. Mr. Edmunds sang "All is lost now," with much force and feeling. It was one of the best performances of the evening. M. Rudersdorff's solo on the violin evinced the finished master. There is no trickery in his performance, no aiming at extraordinary combinations for effect; it was good playing, in which firmness and brilliance of tone, and great beauty of execution, were combined. This was M. Rudersdorff's first appearance in Belfast, and we hope to see both him and the other strangers who visited us for the first time, on some future occasion. Miss Hayes and Signor Sapio sang Balle's duet, "O'er shepherd pipe," very beautifully. There was a consent and keeping in the style of its execution, that rendered it one of the most pleasing performances of the evening. The overture to *Der Freischütz*, barring a little mishap with the horns, was well played. In the second part the arrangement included the monstrous anomaly of dividing Beethoven's charming Symphony in D. The introduction, *allegro* and *largetto*, being given at the commencement of the part, and the exquisite slow movement as a finale. We might as well divide *Hamlet*, and play a farce between the fourth and fifth acts. The first, second, and third movements of the Symphony were given with a degree of precision, an evident perception of the beauties of composition, and a knowledge of the author, which reflects the highest credit on the band. Mr. Edmunds accompanied himself in Knight's ballad, "Of what is the old man thinking?" which was sung with much taste and feeling. Mr. Dyce, on the flute, reminds us, in tone, of the late Mr. Nicholson; he has not the same brilliancy of execution, but he is a most excellent performer. Miss Hayes was encored in "John Anderson my Joe;" she gave it with great feeling, and in excellent keeping with the air and sentiment throughout. On leaving the orchestra the second time this young lady was most enthusiastically applauded. In place of Mr. Murray's solo on the violin, Mr. Pigott, by desire of Lord Donegal, and the company generally, repeated his solo on the violoncello, with even increased effect. The glee and chorus went off with much spirit; and the company walked out to the last movement of Beethoven's Symphony, which was not heard in consequence. It would be unjust to omit mention of Mr. Dalton. That gentleman accompanied most of the vocal pieces on the pianoforte; and he did so in an admirable manner, leaving nothing to be desired. We may say, in conclusion, that the concert was a most excellent one. It went off with great *éclat*; and all parties seemed highly pleased."

MANCHESTER.—*Gentleman's Glee Club*.—On Wednesday evening, the 1st inst., the concluding meeting of the club for this season, was held at Mr. Walmisley's, the Commercial Inn, and there was a very numerous attendance. The glees were very excellently sung by Messrs. Heelis and Sheldrick of Manchester, and by Messrs. Liptrot and Greenhagh of Bolton. The fine glee of "Blow, blow thou wintry wind," was enthusiastically encored. We are happy to perceive a manifest improvement in Mr. Heelis's style of singing. One peculiar and novel treat during the evening, was the introduction of some German glees, which gave great satisfaction. Much credit is due to Mr. John Brimelow, for the excellent manner in which he has fulfilled the duties of secretary during the past year.

#### MISCELLANEOUS.

THE HEREFORD MUSIC MEETING is not yet fixed; indeed, it is at present doubtful whether it will take place or not, as from the losses the stewards have suffered of late years, only four gentlemen have as yet consented to act.



THE WIDOW OF THE LATE MR. KELLNER gave a Soirée Musicale on Friday evening last, at the Hanover Square Rooms. The programme was exceedingly good, and comprised a trio of Beethoven, played by Messrs. Kollman, Eliason, and Kroff. The "Adelaida" of the same composer, sung by Mr. Allen, and several MS. compositions of the late Mr. Kellner, a collection of whose works are about to be published by subscription. Miss Masson sang with much effect Lachner's song, "The sea hath pearly treasures," and was admirably accompanied on the horn by Mr. Jarrett: the remaining vocalists were Miss Rainforth, the Misses Williams, Miss Birch, Mr. J. Bennett, Herr Kroff, Mr. Stretton, and Signor F. Lablache, who contributed by their exertions to the evening's entertainment; the latter was encored. The instrumental performances consisted of a fantasia on the pianoforte, by Mr. Kollman; a solo on the concertina, by Mr. Sedgwick; and a solo on the violin, by Mr. Eliason. The concert was very well attended, and was conducted by Mr. T. Cooke.

THE BIRMINGHAM FESTIVAL commences on the 22nd of September.

MISS LAIDLAW, pianist to the Queen of Hanover, has arrived in town. This young lady, English by birth, has played at all the courts of Germany and Russia with great success.

THE ITALIAN OPERA OF PARIS has been conceded for next season to M. Dormoy. Lablache and Rubini are the real lessees, who furnish the funds. M. Mariani, the composer, is to be stage manager. The Home Minister has granted a pension of sixty pounds a-year to Mdle. Falcon.

GRISI.—The President of the Tribunal de Premiere Instance, has given judgment in the suit between Madame Julia Grisi and her husband, M. de Melcy, maintaining the injunction lodged by the latter, and ordering one moiety of Madame Grisi's engagement to be paid over to him according to the terms of the deed of separation.

THE CATCH CLUB.—The noblemen and gentlemen members of this club had their usual dinner at the Thatched House Tavern, St. James's-street, on Tuesday evening, when his Grace the Duke of Beaufort presided. The attendance was very numerous.

THE SACRED HARMONIC SOCIETY intend to conclude the present series of concerts with two performances of the *Messiah*.

GRISI, RUBINI, AND LABLACHE arrived in town from Paris on Saturday last.

MADAME CARADORI ALLAN has, we regret to say, been suffering from a severe attack of measles; she is, however, now recovering.

THE DRURY LANE THEATRICAL FUND DINNER was given last night at the Freemason's Tavern, H. R. H. the Duke of Cambridge presided. The subscriptions amounted to very little short of a thousand pounds. The vocalists were Mrs. Waylett, Misses Rainforth and M. B. Hawes and Mr. Fraser, who sang several appropriate compositions during the evening.

THE GERMAN OPERAS commence on the 20th inst. at the Prince's Theatre, late the St. James's. *Der Freyschutz* will be the first opera produced.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC has announced four subscription concerts. The first will take place at the Hanover Square Rooms, on Saturday next, at two o'clock.

#### LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS.

PIANOFORTE.		
Hodgkinson.—Fantasia on the favourite air 'Tutto e sciolto,' from La Sonnambula		Moscheles.—No. 8, Grand Sonata, op. 49, no. 3 of the Sonata Chappell.
Plachy.—Fantasia on Beatrice di Tenda	Boosey.	No. 9, Grand Sonata in E minor, op. 70, no. 4 of the Sonata Ditto.
Diabelli.—Variétés Amusantes, favourite pieces from foreign operas, arranged by	Ditto.	Huuten.—Deux rondeaux from De Lartzing, op. 110, nos. 1 and 2 Ditto.
No. 58, 'Oh che giorno,' introduction, La Gazza Ladra		Ditto.
No. 59, three marches ditto		Thalberg.—Grand Duet, no. 2, 'Adieu à la France' Weasel & Co.
No. 60, 'Oh nune benefico,' trio		Ditto.
La Gazza Ladra		Hummel.—Grand Fantasia, op. 18, edited by E. Roedel Ditto.
Moss.—Bridal waltzes	Covenry.	Lemoine.—First set of quadrilles from La Tarentula Ditto.
Moscheles.—Weber's Works, edited by	Chappell.	Liszt.—Hommage to Schubert; ten of his favourite melodies Ditto.



*(List of New Publications continued.)*

**FLUTE AND PIANOFORTE.**  
Clinton.—Eight of the most favourite melodies in Beatrice di Tenda, forming nos. 1 to 9 of his *Delizie del Italia*

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**VOCAL.**  
Loewe.—A goldsmith in his workshop stood *Wessel & Co. Chappell.*

Cowell, Miss A.—The midshipman *Ditto.*

Norton, Hon. Mrs.—We are the wandering breezes *Boosey.*

Masini.—Le depart des Styriens, melodie a deux voix *Boosey.*

White, C.—I'm merry yet I'm sad *T. Prowse.*

— Rosabel! Rosabel *Ditto.*

— There is a grief *Ditto.*

Hunneinan.—A legend of the Rotunda (comic) *Ditto.*

Phipps, O. G.—Esther's Prayer *Coxenry. Mills.*

Brayela.—Iris *Ditto.*

King.—The Witches, pianoforte accompaniments by Horsley *Ditto.*

Donizetti.—Non tradirmi, aria from Torquato Tasso *Ditto.*

— Per chi dell' aure ditto ditto *Ditto.*

— Va d'un altro duetto ditto ditto *Ditto.*

— In un estasi ditto ditto *Ditto.*

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